

NOVEMBER

November's days are thirty .
November's earth is dirty ,
These thirty days , from first to last ;
And the prettiest things on ground are the paths
With morning and evening hobnails dinted ,
With foot or wing-tip overprinted ,
Or separately characterized,
Of little beast and little bird .
The fields are mashed by sheep , the roads
Make the ~~xxx~~ worst going , the best the woods.
While dead leaves upward and downward scatter
Few care for the mixture of earth and water,
Twig , leaf , flint , thorn ,
Rag , straw , all that men scorn ,
Pounded up and sodden by flood ,
Condemned as mud .

But of all the months when earth is greener
Not one has clean skies that are cleaner .
Clean and clear and sweet and cold ,
They shine above the earth so old ,
While the white after-tempest cloud
Sails over in silence though winds are loud ,

Till the full moon in the east
Looks at the planet in the west ,
And earth is still as it is black ,
Yet not unhappy for its lack .
Up from the dirty earth men stare .
One imagines a refuge there
Above the mud , in the pure bright
Of the cloudless heavenly light .
Another loves earth and November more dearly
Because , without them , he sees clearly ,
The sky would be nothing more to his eye
Than he , in any case , is to the sky :
He loves even the mud whose dyes
Renounce all brightness to the skies .